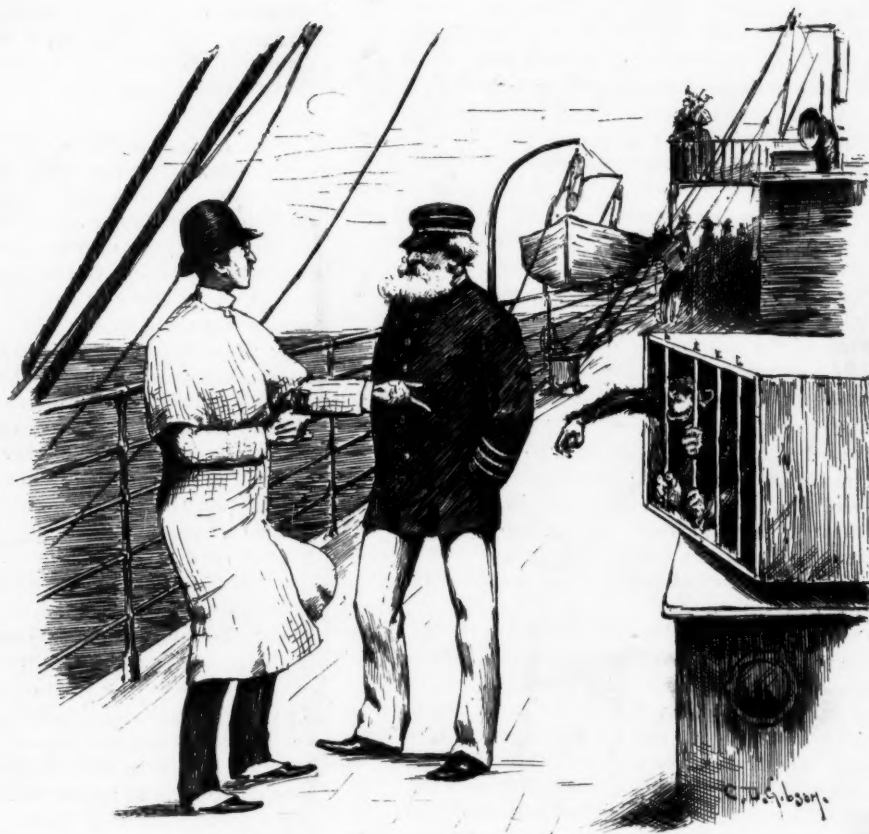


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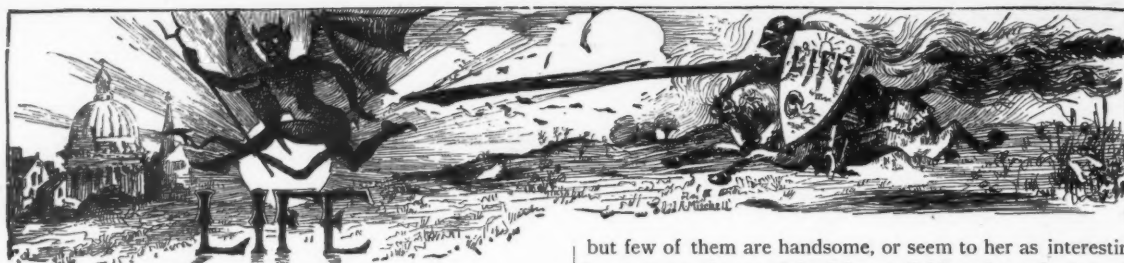


NO GENTLEMAN.

Traveler: ARE YOU THE CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP?

Captain: YES, SIR; CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?

Traveler: I HAVE BEEN OVAH ON THIS LINE FAWH TIMES, AND THIS IS THE FAWST OCCASION ON WHICH I HAVE BEEN INSUL-L-TED BY A FELLOW-PAWSENGER.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX.

MAY 26, 1887.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

A COUPLE of Rochester men have been convicted of conspiring to blow up the oil-works in Buffalo, and a large and influential section of the American press is shouting that the Standard Oil monopoly is hit. Three Standard Oil men were indicted with the Rochester conspirators, but were discharged for lack of evidence to hold them. Standard Oil may have been at the bottom of the explosion—far be it from us to express the contrary opinion!—but if anyone supposes that a Rochester man needs any special incentive or backing to blow up any convenient section of Buffalo, such person is not accurately informed as to the mutual relations of the two thriving cities of Western New York. If a Rochester man could prove that he set fire to the Richmond Hotel, Monroe County would send him to Congress.

IT used to be thought a fine thing to be a king, but how much above royalty is the condition of the Chicago laborer! How imperious, how haughty, how exacting he is, and what a remarkable impediment to industry! If he isn't on a strike, he has just finished striking, or is just about to begin. Contractors and capitalists are his hired men, and tremble at his nod.

The latest display of his characteristics was that of the bricklayers, who sent word to their bosses, so-called, the other day that they had decided to be paid on Saturday. The master masons were not able to agree that Saturday was the best pay-day, and Chicago's growth temporarily ceased. France has been said to be the country where the world's experiments are tried. Chicago seems to be the France of America—no offense to you, Cincinnati—and if any great social movement becomes epidemic, it is apt to show up on the shore of Lake Michigan as soon as anywhere.

OUR sympathies are enlisted by Mlle. Hélène de Rothschild, who lives in Paris. Mlle. Hélène is the daughter of a well-to-do banker of the Hebrew race who died and left her ample means for her support. All her relations are rich,

but few of them are handsome, or seem to her as interesting as some people not of Jewish proclivities whom she is in the habit of meeting. She has made up her mind to marry a Dutchman, who is poor, but pleasing in her eyes, and of good family. She has twenty or thirty millions of her own, so that she doesn't care whether his pay is high or not; and though her mother had a cousin picked out for her, and the friends of her family are very much put out, she is going to marry her Dutchman, and try to have some fun in the world.

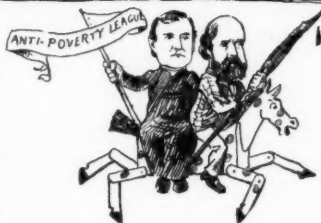
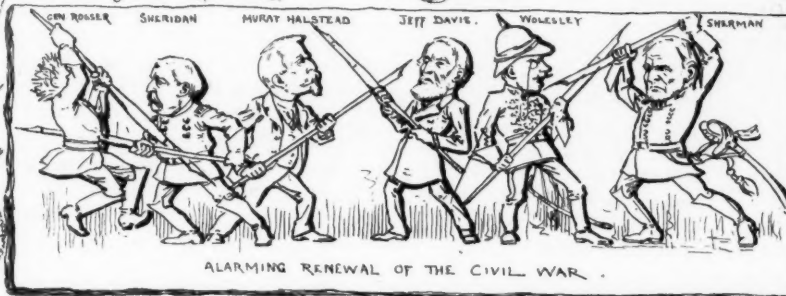
LIFE thinks Mlle. Hélène is right. If she loves Mynheer, why shouldn't she take him? For ourselves, we have no scruple in saying that if we were as rich as Miss Rothschild we would rather marry some nice girl whom we really loved than even the daughter of a boodle alderman whom we didn't especially care for.

THE Locomotive Engineers had the cream of New York's talkers to converse with them a week ago Sunday, when they met. The Mayor gave them good advice at some length, and Messrs. Dana and Depew backed him up. They are three good men to talk to workingmen, for each of them has done a power of work himself, and each had only to point to the others as instances of what industry will do when it has the right sort of brains behind it. Mr. Dana said: "I work fourteen or fifteen hours a day. My friend Depew, here, works, maybe, eighteen or twenty!" LIFE is glad to know even approximately how many hours Mr. Depew works, and if Mr. Dana had said twenty-six hours instead of twenty, we would have confessed that the results of Mr. Depew's labors bore him out.

As for Mr. Dana's own hours of work, we fear that some of them are wasted. Those licks he puts in on the Coleman boom, those digs at George Jones, and all those suggestions that Mr. Cleveland is not much of a President considering his weight—they all take time, and time that we fear would be spent to better advantage at the Polo Grounds encouraging Ewing to try and be more receptive at second base.

THE *Tribune* says Collector Magone is a rude man, and uncivil to merchants who have to do business with him. LIFE doesn't believe everything it reads in the *Tribune*, and it would be sorry to believe this. Even when the Collector is a practical politician he is the servant of the people, and should be at least as polite to them as Dr. McGlynn is to the Pope.

WON'T the Decorative Art Society please turn its energies to the fabrication of comely ash receptacles for the front halls of New York houses? The umbrella-stand patterns will do, with a trifling enlargement.



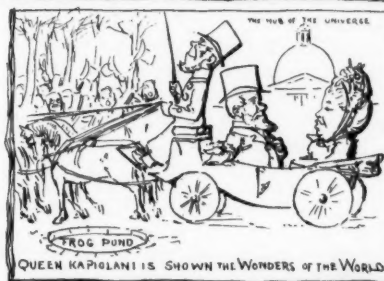
O GEMINI.

MAY has come, bringing with her a renewal of the civil war in which Sherman, Sheridan, Rosser and others have successfully demonstrated the superiority of the pen over the sword.

A real up-and-down Queen, somewhat shady in the color, if not the quality of her ancestry, has been visiting Boston where she encountered her American contemporary the Railway Sandwich, somewhat similar in color to Her Majesty and infinitely tougher, but when compared with the Browning Teas given in her honor a welcome relief.

The new crusade against poverty has been begun by Dr. McGlynn and Henry George, who have doubtless been very successful as far as they are personally concerned, but with indifferent success as concerns the misguided mortals who pelt the crusaders with such small change as they happen to have in their pockets when the speakers please them with their platitudinizing and attitudinizing.

Editor O'Brien has crossed the briny deep to make it pleasant for Lansdowne, and has not succeeded in doing more than talk against time to a howling mob who have demonstrated how thoroughly English Canada yet remains, in spite of civilizing American influences, by their utter disregard of the rights of a citizen to speak his mind freely and undisturbed.





WHO WOULD BE AN HEIR APPARENT?

DEDICATED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BY Society's legions we're not incommoded,
Because they have largely to Britain exoded,
For all good New Yorkers have skipped o'er the sea
To shout with the Queen, "Jubilo! Jubilee!"
For a time Albert Edward the Next has subsided,
And dolefully counts all the years he has bided.
Apart the heir sits and he cries, full of woe,
"H'tit's a mighty 'ard thing for meself,
Don'tcherknow,
To yell with the crowd, 'Joobilee! Joobilo!'
For you see h'tit is h'almost h'as six is to seven
Whether ma or meself is the first h'into 'Eaven;
And indeed h'I must say to that aged old party,
My ma, who is warbling Lord T's *Jubilate*,
The whole business is quite too awf'ly *ex parte*
For the Prince
To evince
Any gladness that's hearty."

ATHEISM has been defined as "disbelief of Super-intelligence."

From what we have seen of Supers on the Metropolitan stage we are inclined to be Atheists.

GOVERNOR HILL says he thinks Home Rule will come some time.

That's right, Governor! Anything to please the Irish.

THE malady from which youths who wear a single eyeglass suffer is, in many cases, optical delusion.

WHEN man gets the better of woman in an argument, woman frequently is dissolved in tears, but it does not take her long to get resolved again.

AN economist has sagely observed that, no matter how large its population may become, there will always be enough earth to go round.

WHEN Mazzini said, "Good counsel has no price," he hadn't heard of the New York Bar.

A POINT FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS,

PHILLIPS BROOKS declares that Webster, Lincoln and Beecher were the three greatest Americans of the century. Now, the superstitious will please observe that each had seven letters in his name, and what is more remarkable, that three times seven are twenty-one, at which age Beecher, Webster and Lincoln all attained their majority!

THOSE who wish to paint the town red on Sundays must use water-colors.

MUNKACSY'S "Death of Mozart" has gone to Detroit. The baseball championship will go there too. If this doesn't show that Detroiters are mean-spirited, selfish monopolists, nothing does.

A WITTICISM has just reached us from Philadelphia. A Quaker City youth has discovered that a girl tobogganing with her fiancé reminds him of archery, because she chutes with her beau.

EXTRA DRY.

JONES (*after a night off*): My! how my head aches.

MRS. J.: It is the champagne.

JONES: Not a bit of it. It's the real pain and nothing else.

MRS. J.: You must be better.

BISHOP HARE has confirmed 13,000 Indians during his episcopate.

Indians always were more susceptible to the influences of Hare than to anything else.

MRS. SPRIGGINS thinks it a shame that the police do not take some steps regarding the villainous behavior of the Washington Ball Nine in stealing bases from the New Yorks.

WHY HE WAS CALLED A PARENT.

"YES," said the old man sadly as he placed forty-five dollars and thirty-three cents in his landlord's open palm, "I am called a parent because I do."

"Do what?" queried the landlord.

"Pay rent," sighed the tenant.



"OH! MINE GOTT, VAT A COUNTRIES! DEY STHOPS OUR LAGER BIER, DEY STHOPS OUR MUSICK, AND NOW DEY TRIES TO STHOP DE ONLY DINGS VOT 'VE HEF GOT TO US LEFT FOR OUR RECREATION!

"Dot's DYRANNY!"

SOLVED AT LAST.

THE difference 'twixt young Tweedledum
And Tweedledee, in brief,
Is that young Tweedledum is dumb,
While Tweedledee is deaf.

THE Czar has suppressed Count Tolstoi's
"Powers of Darkness," but he will not
find it so easy to suppress some other powers
of darkness, with which His Majesty may
eventually come in contact.

HE SHOCKED HIS MAMMA.

"MAMMA," exclaimed a precocious
New York boy, "the policemen of
Boston don't wear pants."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the scandalized
lady, "you don't tell me."

"It's a fact," persisted the boy; "they
wear trousers!"

HOW HE WAS FEELING.

OLD TIMER (*tendering pass to con-
ductor*): How are you feeling this
morning, conductor?

CONDUCTOR (*handing back the pass*):
I'm feeling "fare," thank you!

EPICETETUS was a far-seeing man. Said
he: "Remember you are but an actor,
acting whatever part is given you. *It may be
short or it may be long.*"

If this was not a prophetic allusion to the
long and short haul clause in the Interstate
Commerce Act, we have failed to catch
Epictetus's spirit.

IT is rumored that the prince of whales
was lately captured by New England
fishermen off Gloucester. This would seem
an infringement on the present fish-treaty.



A STRONG BIT OF COLOR.



ANOTHER PHASE OF PROHIBITION.

English Traveler (troubled with Insomnia): CAN YOU GIVE ME A LONDON PUNCH?
Indignant Proprietress (with vehemence): No, SIR! WE DON'T KEEP LIQUORS OF
NO SORT HERE.

THE TWO RATS.

AN old rat, whose long residence in the city had given him great knowl-
edge of the wiles of civilized life, observed one evening a tempting
bit of cheese close by his favorite hole in the wall.

Instead of greedily rushing at it, he called a young friend, saying, "Whis-
kerando, some kind person has prepared a feast for us. Help yourself."

The guileless innocent rushed on the cheese, which he devoured voraciously; but, alas! in a few minutes he rolled over on his back, stone dead.
The dainty was poisoned.

"My experience in Wall Street has stood me in well," mused the old
rat as he turned into his hole: "it is safer to give other folks pointers, and
pocket your commission, than to risk your all on a wildcat investment."

G. E. Hanson.

LUCAN may have spoken truly when he observed that in a state of
anarchy power is the measure of right; but had he known the an-
archist of to-day, he would have added that he made no reference to water-
power.

A POLITICAL DIFFICULTY.

"LET us elect to our halls of legislature," shouted an eloquent can-
didate, "men who are endowed with common sense."

A momentary pause here for the sentiment to be applauded when a voice
came from the gallery: "But you can't get such men to run!"

AN advertisement for a complexion cream says: "It is used by ladies,
school-girls and gentlemen after shaving." What can be nicer than
a freshly shaven little school-miss of about sixteen summers?



BUFFALO BILL AT WINDSOR.

THE Queen having expressed her wish to the Chum to Potentates that the Wild West Show should appear before Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, your correspondent escorted that body into the royal presence on Tuesday last.

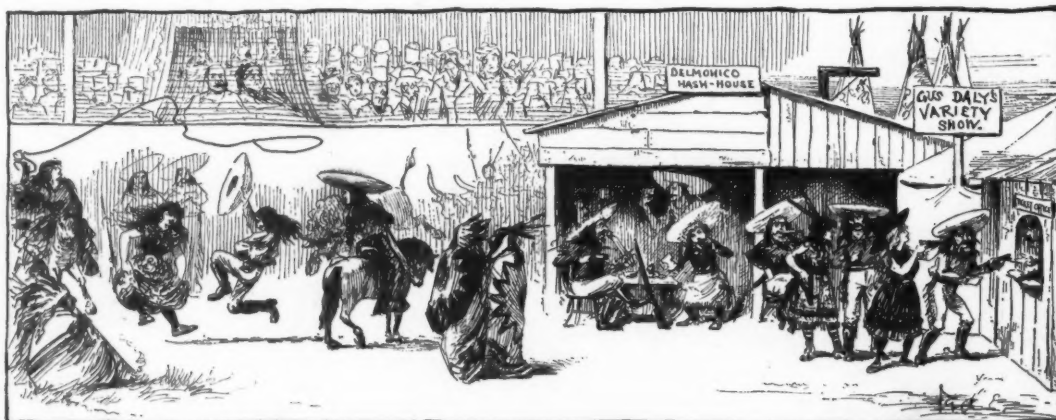
A large audience of Nobles had assembled to do honor to the aristocratic redmen of the far West, and the Royal Maroon Band played "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes," as the tribes bowed their respects to Her Majesty. The braves in honor of the occasion wore a new coat of paint and the regulation three feathers in their back hair—a costume which was at once effective and gentlemanly, if, as an old authority on dress has said, "A gentleman's dress is never conspicuous."

A large space in front of the castle had been cleared for the performance, and after a light luncheon Mr. Nate Salsbury mounted a pedestal from which the statue of William the Conqueror had been temporarily removed, and explained to Her Majesty that the Comanche tribe from the suburbs of Boston, would now see how near they could come to running over Prince Battenberg without really hurting him.

young gentleman friends decline to take them to the opera, the royal family was nearly carried away with delight.

At the request of the Chum Mr. Buffalo Bill gave a graphic representation of New York's first families on their way to church. The old camp-wagon was brought out and Mr. Cody disguised as Mr. Vanastorbilt, stepped up on the box and started the horses off. Grace Church was represented by a canvas tent, and Fourteenth Street was shown by a pole stuck in the ground. The Queen could hardly restrain herself when the team ran away, and the nimble Buffalo Bill, tying a lasso around his waist, stopped them by casting the noose over a stump on which were growing some wistaria vines and which was supposed to represent a lamp-post. Her Majesty had heard of Mr. Vanastorbilt, but never supposed he was so clever a man.

Then, as the carriage neared Fourteenth Street, the low, ominous war-cry of the Sioux Indians was heard, and the faithful picture of New York life that then followed, with its awful butchery and bellowing of buffaloes on Union Square, needs no description for your readers who have grown so familiar with it in the daily round of life. Suffice it to say that the British aristocracy fairly yelled with joy as Mr. Vanastorbilt slew file after file of the attacking party, losing only his scalp and four children in the *melée*.



HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.

This was followed by an exhibition at shooting, when Buffalo Bill shot the Koh-i-noor out of the Queen's Spring crown seven times running, much to the delight of her Majesty and the wonder of the assembled Nobles.

Several cow-ladies were then introduced, giving the British aristocracy a fair imitation of high life in New York city. The Queen was much surprised at the refined way in which American ladies do their shopping on bucking ponies, and when one of the young ladies with auburn hair showed with what facility American girls use their firearms when their

The exhibition was closed by a pastoral scene showing how the Indians and whites live peacefully together in Philadelphia, with an allegorical tableau at the end, showing a six-foot Comanche labeled William Penn, standing beside a small four-inch stage sword, the significance of which Her Majesty immediately perceived, for as she left the grounds she spoke of the pathetic rendering of the old proverb, "The Comanche is mightier than the dagger."

In return for the pleasure he had given her, Buffalo Bill and "Potato-Faced-Charley" were invested with the Order of

the Bath—which the Indian declined from natural scruples, not understanding the idiomatic significance of the decoration.

On the whole the day passed off pleasantly, and there were no disturbances other than a slight misunderstanding between the Prince of Wales and a young Sioux brave, in which the Prince's baldness served him in good stead.

It is rumored that the National Gallery of London has offered one of the Indians a large salary if he will annex himself to the Turner Gallery, and exhibit the sunset that he wears on the small of his back when he goes to war. The trustees of the Gallery claim to have internal evidence that the painting is by the hand of the master, and that it must be had at any cost.

It seems to me that this affords the United States a chance to settle the fishery question by swapping off the artistic brave for justice—and the only way to get justice from the English Government is to pay for it.

Her Majesty's desire to see these untutored savages in their native lair may induce her to visit New York next season, in which case she will probably be under the management of D'Oyly Carte.

Carlyle Smith.

A FLEETING FANCY.

THE maid in the pew that's before me
Is daintily dressed, and her face
Has attractions that surely don't bore me
To gaze on. I envy the lace
That circles her neck. What a grace
Characterizes this maiden so fair,
Who sits in the pew that's before me,
From her heels to her hair!

Her waist is so tapering, slender!
Her arms might be christened divine;
If I knew who the maid was I'd send her
A message from St. Valentine,
Of neat inexpensive design,
To tell her how greatly I love
This maid in the pew that's before me,
This beautiful dove!

"Let us pray," says the pastor, and kneeling,
The maid bows her bonnet so prim,
As softly the organ is pealing
The last dying chords of the hymn,
When I'm totally stunned by the shimmering
shine of a boot 'neath the pew;
'Tis the foot of that maiden before me—
Fugaces eheu!

The vision of beauty has faded,
Oh, would that the boot would fade too!
It fairly makes Pegasus jaded
To think of that gigantic shoe
That reached back to me under the pew.
'Twas a horrible shock to me when
I saw that this vision before me
Wore gentleman's size No. 10.



Mr. — (one of the lost tribes, although a Presbyterian): HELLO!
WHY THE DEVIL AREN'T YOU IN NEWARK?

Mr. S. (from Newark): WHY THE DEVIL AREN'T YOU IN JERUSALEM?

THE MODERN CUPID.

THEY say that Love is blind. Ah me!
Perchance 'tis so. And yet, I think
'Tis golden blinders that he wears,
And Love looks at us through the chink.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BUTCHER (to customer, who has ordered some meat sent): What name, please?

CUSTOMER: Welch.

BUTCHER: Thanks! All right, Mr. Walsh.

CUSTOMER (slowly but firmly): W-e-l-c-h.

BUTCHER: Thanks! All right, Mr. Walsh.

DISRAELI asserts that there is no education like adversity.

How about a University education, me Lud?



LE ·

REDUCING THE SURPLUS.

FINE LOT OF THOROUGHBREDS AT
TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

High Steppers of Undoubted Pedigree.

FOR SALE ABSOLUTELY AND WITHOUT RESERVE.



D THE SEASON.

LEGEND OF A ROSE.

IT laye amonge y^e Grasses wett,
A Dead Rose, neare y^e Tennis-Nett,
Once pluck'd by lovinge Fingers,
Y^t dewey fresh did grace Her Haire,
& fell in eerie Moonshine where
Y^e Ghoste of Memory lingers.

"Its faded Petals, wythered, sere,
Maie Zephyrs strew upon Love's bier,"
Y^e Passione Flower is sighing;
With dreamy Payne its sore Hearthe grieves,
Its Secret whyspered by y^e Leaves,
Y^t Love of Grief is dying.

Butt no! He stringes His Silken Bowe,
& mockynge Me, flits to & fro
To^e sett my Hearthe a-shiver;
With Poppies I wolde putt to sleepe
Y^e Wanton, & do bidd him keepe
His Arrowes inne His Quiver.

Harold van Santvoord.



THE END OF THE SEASON.

THIS is the time when the metropolitan favorite, after a wearying round of triumphs, seeks a change of scene and gets it in a bewildering succession of one-night stands; and when the wandering star from the provinces comes to New York for a metropolitan endorsement of the latest horror by the strangers passing through the city. This is also the time when the exhausted critic turns his tickets over to the office-boy and goes for his well-earned recreation to the Polo Grounds.

While waiting for the Giants to win a game, we can take a final glance at the theatrical situation.

Mr. Wallack appropriately winds up his career of mismanagement by taking his company to the pretty little theatre across the way in search of the audiences that used to come to him. It is hard that the cat in making its exit through the kitten's hole in the fence should find the task so easy as only to excite the pity of spectators. But the misfit is complete. The play, like the company, is vivified by a sentiment that has gone to seed. It is but fair to say that the company gives an adequate representation of the play.

John Gilbert and Mme. Ponisi bring a ripe experience to their familiar parts. Miss Addison gives a possible and clever performance of the lachrymose poor relation. Miss Russell is handsome, if not forcible as the intriguing governess. Miss Robe is a pretty, bright and over-haughty representative of the over-haughty *Marguerite*, and Kyrle Bellew is certainly realistic as that consistent prig, *Manuel*.

Yet one can but wonder when the decadence of the Wallack reputation was so evident at home, what motive prompted this unfortunate comparison with the best trained company in the country on unfamiliar grounds. Since death by inanition was inevitable, why commit suicide?

"JIM the Penman" has closed its successful career at the Madison Square and given place to Clinton Stuart, Esq.'s "Our Society." Mrs. Verplanck's name does not appear as co-author this season. The lady considered that if her work on the play was sufficient to entitle her to notice on the bills, it was enough to entitle her to compensation. The fact that the management held a different opinion and settled the matter simply as indicated, is an odd commentary on Mrs. Verplanck's share in the play. If once an author, why not always an author?

* * *

THE series of Authors' Matinees at this house concluded with George Parsons Lathrop and Harry Edwards' dramatization of Tennyson's "Elaine." While Mr. Lathrop, who did the literary piecing and joiner-work, was more successful than Mr. Edwards, who contributed the dramatic construction, Mr. Edwards undoubtedly had the harder task. Together they deserve credit for having brought out a better play than the Poet Laureate himself has been able to produce. "Elaine" is not yet a drama, but it will *act*, as those know who had the privilege of seeing Miss Annie Russell's exquisitely charming and sympathetic rendering of *la tres Belle Elaine*, the vigorous acting of Alessandro Salvini, and the manly work of Robert Hilliard.

By the way, the Authors' Matinees are being succeeded by a series of trial matinees. The rank outsider seeks in vain for any difference except in name.

* * *

LAST Monday an alleged comic opera was turned on at the Star Theatre. The "Pyramid" is its not very happy title—and the work justifies the name. The authors had an excellent foundation to build on, but their superstructure rapidly grew thinner, and soon vanished into air. Mr. Charles Puerner wrote the music, and wrote it in a very musicianly way. Mr. Charles Puerner and Mr. Caryl Florio wrote the libretto, and wrote it also in a very musicianly way. The fundamental idea of the book is that of two American tourists who go to sleep near the Great Pyramid and dream, apparently, that they fall in with a temporarily resurrected dynasty of mummies. Connected story there is none, and the authors proceed not to tell it for two acts, and then stop. There are love passages, some sentimental and some comic—but as the audience knows that they can lead to nothing, it fails to be interesting.

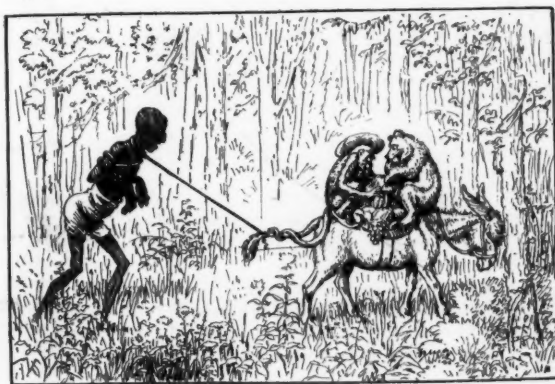
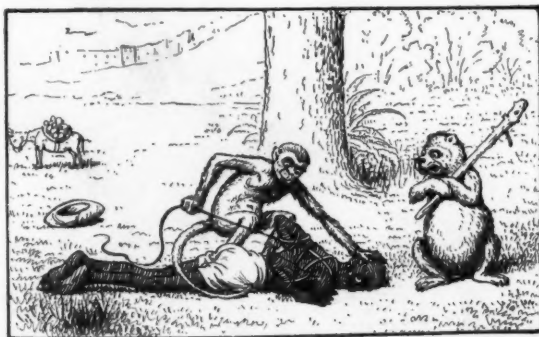
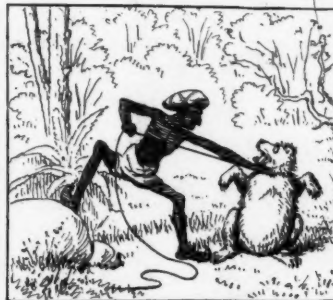
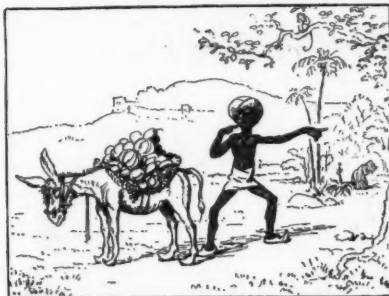
A clever libretto might have carried the workmanlike but not original or brilliant music. As it is, we fear that the "Pyramid," like its Egyptian prototype, will serve only as the tomb of its builder. Nevertheless, if, as its authors claim, it is the "First American Comic Opera," the management appear to be speaking well within bounds when they advertise its "unprecedented success." Any measure of success, however, that the opera may obtain will be due to the clever acting of Mr. David, a comedian who can make fun out of nothing, to Mr. Hilliard who sings delightfully, and to the best topical song that has been sung in New York: "Once in a thousand years."

* * *

DOWN town somewhere, at Niblos, Lawrence Barrett has been acting "Rienzi," and starts in this week with a nightly change of bill which will fill the large house with pleased audiences. Our native Lawrence has not suffered by comparison with the imported Wilson, who has gone home with his imitation Irving, leaving the coast clear to the only real rival of the real Irving.



HOW THEY DID IT.



WASHINGTON DOT.

"DANIEL," asked the President, "why are Virginians so priggish?"

"I give up, sire," replied Daniel, "unless it's because their State is the mother of precedents."

PERVERTED PROVERBS.

A BIRD in the hand is worth just what it will bring it sells for a song.

ABSTINENCE makes the heart grow fonder.



A PAYING BUSINESS.

Very Young Man: YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT, BUT I'VE JUST PAID SEVENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH FOR A HOUSE, ALL MADE BY MY OWN PLUCK AND PERSEVERANCE.

Young Lady: REALLY! WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?

Very Young Man: I'M A SON-IN-LAW.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE scene of E. P. Roe's new novel will be laid in Southern California, but the book itself will be laid in the lap of every passenger on the Hudson River Railroad by that eternal nuisance, the train-boy.

* * *

AT a fair in aid of the Chicago Literary Centre, the best characters in fiction were decided by vote to be Old Sleuth, the Detective, Ananias, James G. Blaine, William Shakespeare, and James Russell Lowell.

* * *

AN Exchange says that Anna Dickinson began life as a school-teacher, but we doubt it. It is, of course, very difficult to speak with any certainty concerning what occurred in early times, but we have a most vivid recollection of reading in some old black-letter missal that the lady began life as a little girl baby, and as far as we have been able to find out, Miss Dickinson has not denied the statement. In the interests of biography, we feel called upon to question the school-teacher story.

THIS IS THE KIND WE PAY A DALLIAFERRO.

“A ROLAND for your Alliaferro,”
Said witty Mr. Talliaferro
Concerning one
Who made a pone
About the famous Balliaferro.

OVERHEARD IN BOSTON.

FIRST LADY: I am surprised at your not caring for Phillips Brooks.

SECOND LADY: Oh, I do care for him! I like him very much, but I just dote on Buddha!

PUT AWAY UNTIL AUTUMN.

FRIEND: Wilkins, why do you keep all these old almanacs?

WILKINS: Waiting for the jokes to ripen for republication.

IN the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as *fail*, but later on, when the youth gets into business for himself, then the word shows up in good shape.



LES FIANCÉS.

He: CLARA, SHALL I ASK HIM TO STRIKE UP A WEDDIN' MARCH, JUST TO HEAR WHAT IT'S LIKE?

She: O REGINALD, DO NOT, I BEG OF YOU! I SHALL EXPIRE WITH CONFUSION.



WITHOUT A MORAL.

I WAS a clerk in a grocery store at \$9 a week, "he said, "but like many other young men I fell in with dissolute companions and was induced to gamble."

"And was tempted to take money which did not belong to you?"
"No, I won enough in a week to buy the grocery."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE average American at home or abroad does not take kindly to anything that would seem to cast the shadow of a shade upon his native land. A story told last evening at the Richmond Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church by the Rev. George W. Peck might be cited in illustration. An Englishman was traveling through Italy with an American friend, and in the course of their sojournings each maintained the superiority of his own country. Finally the grand spectacle of Mount Vesuvius in eruption, throwing its brilliant rays across the bay of Naples, burst upon their astonished gaze. "Now, look at that," chuckled the Englishman, "you haven't got anything in America that can come anywhere near that." "No," moodily replied the Yankee. "It is true we have not got a Vesuvius, but we have got a waterfall that could put that thing out in less than five minutes."—*Buffalo Courier.*

DEACON: It pains me, Mr. Boggs, to see you coming out of a bar-room.

BOGGS: All right, deacon! Anything to save your feelin's. I'll go right in again.—*Judge.*



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CLERK (who used to tend in a cigar store): Mild or strong?—*Harper's Bazar.*

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MR. MALAPROP.

MR. —, the New Orleans banker, is now almost as much in New York as in his tropical home. He is a fluent conversationalist, and is fond of Latin. One evening at the Hoffman House he was missed from the parlor, where a gay party of Southerners were making merry. "Where have you been, Mr. —?" asked a young lady when he returned. "Oh, just outside in the cuspador, walking pro and con," he replied. He was once deeply offended at a covert sneer in a Washington paper. "Why," said he, "that is catamount to calling me a fool!"—*The Argonaut.*

REPARTEE.

"GOOD gracious, Jane! why didn't you marry a monkey, and be done with it?"

"Oh," smiled Jane, "I thought you might want to marry some time, and I wouldn't take your last chance."—*Washington Critic.*

IN THE COURT ROOM.

JUDGE (to a very homely old maid): Miss, in what year were you born?

WITNESS: In the year 1846.

JUDGE: Before or after Christ?—*Texas Siftings.*

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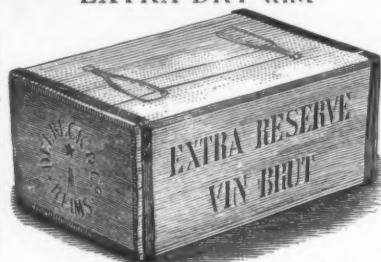
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NUMBER 231.

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Another notable article is by Prof. W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan, on *How Food Nourishes the Body*, in which he incidentally demolishes the theory that fish particularly nourishes the brain, and treats of the sources of intellectual energy. In the *Lincoln History* are accounts of the attack on Senator Sumner, and the Dred Scott decision, with extracts from the speeches of Lincoln and Douglass upon the questions that the case embodied.

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